

# The Island of REGISTRATION

By  
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Y  
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## SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young man, who, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language, she decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideas. She finds evidence that leads her to believe that the man is John Revell, a convict of Virginia, and that he was cast ashore when a child. Katharine Brenton was a highly specialized product of a leading university. Her writings on the sex problem attracted wide attention. The son of a multi-millionaire, she became infatuated with her and they decided to put her theories into practice. With no other ceremony than a handshake, they set away together. A few days on his yacht reveals to her that he only professed lofty ideals to possess her. While drunk he attempts to kiss her. She knocks him down and leaves him unconscious, sleeping in the darkness in a gasoline launch. During a storm she is cast ashore on an island. Three years' teaching gives the man a splendid education. Their love for each other is revealed when he rescues her from a cave where she had been imprisoned by an earthquake. A ship is sighted and they light a beacon to summon it.

## CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"They cannot fail to see it."  
"And how will they regard it?"  
"As a signal."  
"And what will they do?"  
"Turn about and head for the island."  
"And how can we tell what they are doing?"  
"When the smoke ceases to elongate," she replied. "It will show us that they have turned and are heading this way."

There was no breeze, apparently, and the smoke would follow the wake of the ship. They watched the little speck on the horizon with strained intensity for a few moments.

"How if she passes on?" asked the man, at last.

"I shall take it as a sign," said the woman, slowly. "That—Look!" she cried, in sudden gladness.

The ship had turned and the cloud of smoke now rose straight above her in the still air.

"They have seen the signal," went on the woman. "They will come here. We shall be taken away!"

"It is your fault," said the man, grinning. "I wanted nothing but to be alone with you."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### The Long Search.

Mr. Valentine Langford was wearily pacing the quarter deck of his magnificent yacht, the Southern Cross. Mr. Langford was an intensely disappointed and embittered man. He had made two ventures which, by a stretch of language in one case at least, could be called matrimonial, and both of them had resulted in disaster. Death opportunely had relieved him of one wife; the other who had stood in the place of the former without the legal ceremony or the spiritual benediction had vanished under circumstances so mysterious that he had no idea whether she was alive or dead. On a certain night some three years ago he had a dim remembrance that he had behaved like a brute to a woman. His remembrance was only dim as to details. It was entirely clear as to the fact.

What had happened as a result of his conduct he could not clearly state. The next morning the crew had found him lying insensible on the cabin floor with a fractured skull. The woman was gone, also the power boat which had trailed astern of the yacht in the pleasant weather. Such was his physical condition that when he was not unconscious, he was delirious. He had been able to give no coherent account of affairs and equally unable to give any directions as to the future movements of the yacht, which had been placed nowhere in particular upon a pleasure cruise.

The old sailing-master and captain, much distressed by the situation and the emergency in which he found himself suddenly plunged, decided that his best course, in fact, his only course, was to get back to civilization and a doctor as soon as possible. He had instantly put the yacht about and headed for the nearest land where he might hope to get suitable care for his terribly ill young employer. He pushed the yacht to the utmost speed, and in three weeks dropped anchor in Honolulu, just in time to save the young man's life. Indeed, for a long time it was touch and go as to whether his life could be saved at all, and it was not until nearly a year had elapsed before the Southern Cross sailed for San Francisco with a weak and shaky, but convalescent owner, on her quarter deck.

The departure of Katharine Brenton with Valentine Langford had made a great sensation, but it was nothing to the sensation which raged when it became known that Valentine Langford had returned without her. She was a woman of too much importance, she had played too large a part in the affairs of the world, civilization had manifested too much interest in her, to allow her to drop out of its sight without at least making an effort to find her. The position of Mr. Valentine Langford became interestingly difficult in the face of a storm of inquiry. Mr. Langford's previous marriage was, fortunately for him, unknown, but the world had had a complete and adequate idea of the terms of the union which had been entered upon so blithely between Langford and Miss Brenton that the first question that met him when he came back alone was as to which one had repented. Had the woman come to her senses, had the man grown tired of her, had they parted, and where was the woman? These were queries which were put to him with the direct simplicity of the American public through its impetuous representatives, the reporters. And to these questions Mr. Langford could return no adequate answer that ever except the truth, which he could not bring himself to tell. He declared that she had left the yacht in the South seas, that he did not know her present whereabouts, and refused

to say anything further privately or in public. Miss Brenton had no near relations; what was everybody's business was nobody's, and presently public interest in her declined. She and her philosophy were practically forgotten by all but Langford himself.

Fortune, which had done him some evil turns, here, however, interposed to his advantage. The lady who legally bore his name departed this life and left him a free man. Brute though he had been, Langford was not without some strong idea of honor and decency. Indeed, he had enjoyed long and undisturbed hours of meditation upon his sins of omission and commission during his period of convalescence, and the calm consideration of character and career had done him good. At heart, in spite of his brutal conduct, for which drink had largely been responsible, he was a gentleman, and capable of things fine and high under the stimulus of some really great emotion. He had come to realize, to put it mildly, what an awful fool he had been to say nothing of his villainy. What had led him to this realization had been the remembrance of the hours he had passed with Katharine Brenton before the clouds had arisen which had culminated in that awful storm, the recollection of which fairly made him shudder. However, he had deceived her by professed adherence to her wild theories and impossible philosophies, he had honestly loved her, and association with her had been of benefit to him. If he only had not given away to his temper and his appetite! If it had not been for his former obligation!

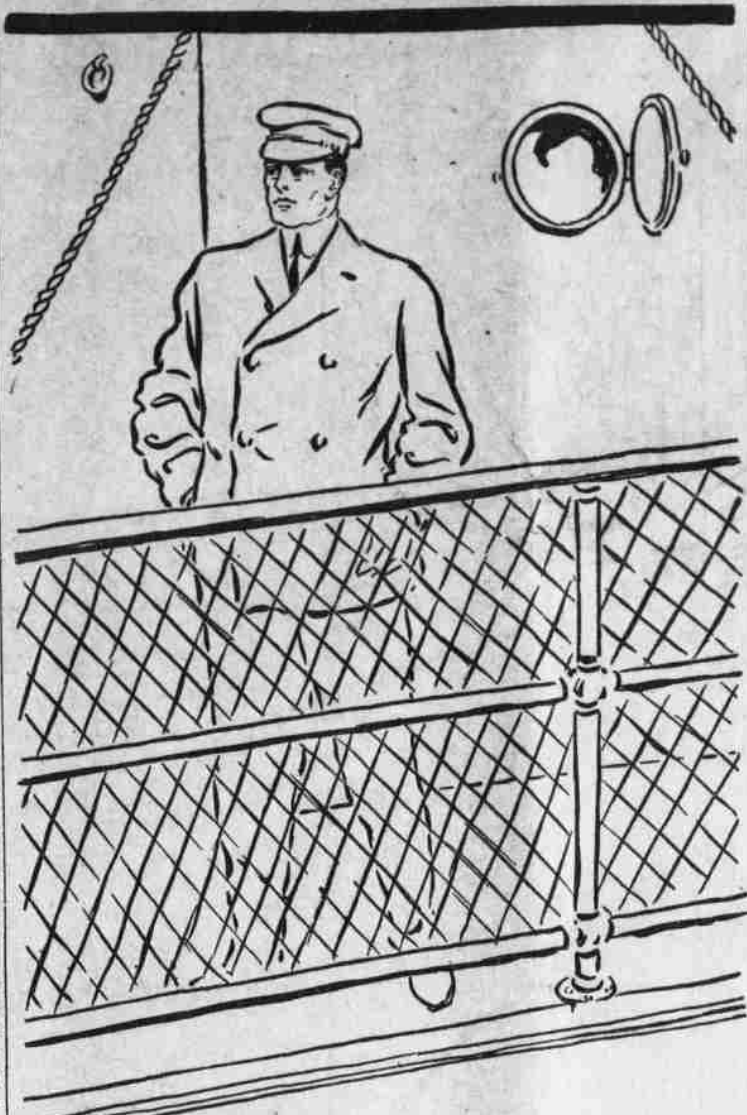
He had married his wife in a moment of boyish infatuation. The union had been impossible almost from the first. She was little more than an adventuress, much older than he, who had entrapped him for his money. There had been a separation on a liberal financial basis, to which the woman had readily, even cheerfully, agreed, and he had no lingering remains of affection to hold him back. Her death was only a relief to him. He felt that he owed reparation to Katharine Brenton, and he was more willing to pay the debt because he was honestly and genuinely in love with her so far as a man of his temperament could be in love with a woman. He wanted to make amends for his treatment. He would have given anything he possessed to have been able to say how ashamed he was of all that he had done, and to beg her to forgive him and marry him.

The death of his father and the necessity for the administration of the vast interests of the bonanza king's estate prevented him from at once engaging upon the search which he promised himself he would make, but he expedited matters, sometimes to his own loss, as rapidly as he could, and after nearly a year's stay in San Francisco, he found himself in position to undertake his quest. For a year thereafter he and the Southern Cross traversed the unexplored, unvisited waters of the South seas. He had landed upon island after island which he had examined with minute particularity. Some he had found inhabited by natives, whom, through interpreters he had procured, he questioned unavailingly. He ran across stray vessels trading among the islands, and through them with constantly increasing, ever widening mediums, he carried on his search, but without result. In this sweeping the Pacific, he visited everything that was charted, and all that he could find that was not, and was now homeward bound, convinced that the launch must have foundered and that he would never solve the mystery of her disappearance.

So assiduously had he prosecuted his search that the crew of the Southern Cross, who knew nothing as to the cause of the eagerness, with the exception of the ship master, looked upon him as a harmless visionary. They had been away so long and had visited so many islands with so much hardship, oftentimes with so much danger from uncharted reefs in the unknown seas that they were one and all wildly anxious to return from the, to them, aimless wandering. If he had communicated to them at the first his quest, they would have shared his eagerness, but he kept it to himself, as he had kept his own counsel in San Francisco, and he straitly charged his sailing master to say nothing of it. Consequently the lookout on the fore-topmast cross-tree on a certain summer morning, catching sight of a dim, blue haze on the horizon far off to starboard, made no report of it. What was the use? It would only delay matters and they were within a few weeks of Honolulu now, and another fortnight beyond Hawaii would bring them back to the United States, for which they all longed with the desire of men who had been away from home and confined to the narrow decks of a cruising ship for over a year.

Something—as to whether it was Providence or not he was somewhat doubtful in his mind afterward—brought Langford on deck before his usual time for rising. The watch was in charge of a rather sleepy, stupid second officer, unimaginative and unobservant. He had not noticed the land which it was difficult to see from the deck at any rate, especially as it did not lie between the yacht and the sun, and as it had not been reported from the masthead, he knew nothing of it.

Langford had found sleep impossible. The year of search, the constant disappointment, the pressing sense of mystery, the feeling that his conduct was indeed irreparable had preyed upon him. He was thin, worn, nervous and irritable. He walked up and down the deck in the cool of the morning thinking. For three years practically he had had this woman before his eyes as the goal of his efforts. Now she was gone, and he must concentrate his life upon something else. He gazed languidly and indifferently about the horizon, his unpracticed eye noticing nothing for a time. Suddenly, however, staring off to starboard



Mr. Langford Was an Intensely Disappointed and Embittered Man.

listlessly during a pause in his steady tramp, he thought he caught a glimpse of light. He looked idly in the direction whence the reflection had come for a few moments and saw it again; a thin cloud of smoke, or was it haze, rose above it. He was puzzled by it, of course, and stood staring. The concentration in his gaze, he thought, discovered to him a cloudy blink in the gray of the dawn which might mean land. He knew there was no land charted in those seas, for he had carefully studied the chart the night before, saying nothing to anyone, for he had become somewhat sensitive about the matter.

He ran down the companion ladder into his cabin and fetched thence a new and powerful glass, which, upon his return to the deck, he focused upon the distant point of light. By the aid of those powerful binoculars he made out what it was. He was a man of quick decision and purpose. He called the officer to him, pointed to the light, and handed the glass to the man in question.

"What do you make of that, Mr. Holtzman?"  
The officer took a quick look through the glasses, handed them back to their owner, and said laconically: "Land! Fire! Smoke, sir."

"Head the yacht to that island at once!"  
"Very good, sir," said the officer, turning to the man at the wheel and ordering the helm to be put over.

The yacht's bows swung slowly round until the island and the light were both dead ahead.

"Now, Mr. Holtzman," said Langford, "when the maneuver was completed, 'who is at the masthead?'"  
"I'll see, sir," answered the second officer, stepping forward.

"Bring him to me," said the owner as the officer turned away.

In a few moments the officer came back to the quarterdeck followed by one of the seamen. The man looked very much frightened, for Langford was in a towering passion, and when he was in a passion he was not a pleasant spectacle.

"Did you see that island yonder?" began the owner, fiercely.

"I—er—"

"Answer me!"

"Yes, sir," said the man, desperately.

"You did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you report it?"

The man hesitated, shifting from one foot to another, muttered something about a wild goose chase. Carried away by anger, Langford sprang at him, and would have done him bodily violence, had he not been quickly restrained by the second officer.

"Mr. Langford, sir," said Holtzman, grasping him tightly, "recover yourself, sir."

The check was sufficient.

"Go forward!" cried Langford, controlling himself with difficulty. "Mr. Holtzman, send for Capt. Harper."

"Very good, sir," answered the officer.

"And meanwhile you are to keep straight for that island until further orders."

In a few moments the old captain presented himself before the owner.

"Harper," began the young man, imperiously, "the lookout this morning deliberately failed to report that land, that island yonder. I want him disgraced and his pay stopped. Put him in the gig and set him ashore at the first civilized port."

"Very well, sir," said the old sailing master, not daring to remonstrate under such circumstances.

"Do you know that island?" continued Langford.

"No, sir," answered Harper. "I've never heard of it before."

"Harper," said the other, laying his hand upon the old man's arm. "It's our last chance. We are passing out of the region of these islands. If she be not there, we shall never find her."

"I am afraid not, sir."

"I have an idea that our quest is going to be successful this morning,"



He Focused Upon the Distant Point of Light.

returned Langford, eagerness flushing his thin face.

"I hope so, sir," answered the other. "There is somebody on the island, evidently, for they have lighted a fire. It should be a signal. It might be savages of some kind."

"It's not likely. Why should they signal a ship? And how should there be savages on a lonely island like this, 500 miles away from any other land? You may depend upon it, captain, it's some castaway who wants help, and why not she? Indeed, I am sure it must be."

Something of the man's confidence infected the old sailor. He took up the glass from where it lay on the cabin skylight and going forward studied the island.

"'Tis one of those volcanic islands, I take it," he said as he came back. "It seems to be covered with trees. There is a hill rising from the midst of it. The fire is on the top. There should be an encircling reef round about it, and deep water up to the very barrier."

"Could you see anything else?"

"No, sir. No glass would reveal anything more at this distance. Try for yourself, Mr. Langford."

He handed the binoculars to the owner, but his own scrutiny revealed nothing more than the captain had told him.

"How are we going now?" he said, looking over the side.

"About eight, I should judge, sir," answered Harper.

"Let us have full speed until we get nearer."

"Very good, sir."

The captain turned and spoke a word to the second officer, who signaled to the engine room, and in a few moments the motion of the great vessel through the water was perceptibly accelerated.

"Have you had your breakfast, Mr. Langford?" asked the captain, at last.

"Not yet."

"Then if you'll allow me, sir, I think you would better get it. We won't be within landing distance of that island for an hour or an hour and a half. In fact, we'll presently have to slow down. I don't like to dash in full tilt so near land through these unknown waters, and you will do well sir, to go below and get a bite to eat."

"Your advice is good," said Langford, turning away and entering the cabin.

Never had man less appetite than he. Somehow, he could not tell why, he felt certain that this which would be his last attempt, would not prove fruitless; that his search hitherto unavailing would now be rewarded. He took time to re-examine the chart of those seas. It was quite possible he thought, for the woman to have made that particular island before them from the point at which she had left the ship. The more he studied it, the more sure he became. He forced himself to break his fast, but in a short time he was on deck once more.

The island was perceptibly nearer. Capt. Harper was forward staring through the glass. Running along the waist Langford joined him on the fore-castle.

"Can you make out anything?" said the young man, catching the old one by the arm.

"Aye," was the answer.

"Is she there?" he asked, hoarsely, his heart in his mouth.

"There is a figure on the weather side of the fire yonder."

"A figure?" asked Langford, trembling so he could scarcely control himself. "Is it a woman?"

"I can't tell. It's too far off."

"Give me the glass."

"I make out another figure. There are two of them," returned Harper, slowly lowering the glass and handing it to Langford.

"Two!" cried the other, rapidly focusing the glass, disappointment in his tone which he strove to keep out of his heart. "You are right," he said at last, "there are two figures, but 'tis impossible to make them out."

He handed the glass back to the captain, who in his turn fixed it again upon the island.

"They are going down the hill," said Harper. "I have lost them among the trees. We are approaching swiftly," he continued. "Mr. Holtzman, half speed, if you please."

Bells jangled below as Mr. Holtzman rapidly set the indicator and the speed of the yacht was quickly checked. She still approached the island with sufficient rapidity, however, and after perhaps 15 minutes of easy going, Capt. Harper signaled her to stop, fearful of any nearer approach.

"What now?" asked the owner.

"I think we had better not chance it nearer, sir," said the captain. "It is not more than a half-mile to the shore. Shall I call away the launch, or will you be rowed?"

The launch was stowed amidships; the gig swung from the davits. It would be quicker to take the gig.

"I'll be rowed," said Langford.

And in a moment the voice of the boatswain's mate could be heard calling away the crew. All hands were on deck. The conversation between the captain and the owner had been heard by many, and their tenor communicated to all. Consequently when the gig manned by six of the best crewmen in the ship dropped alongside and Langford descended to the stern sheets and took the tiller in his hand, the crew spontaneously manned the rail and sent him off with three ringing cheers.

It did not take the men long to recover the distance between the motionless ship and the island. As they approached the latter, they perceived the barrier reef, which, unless they could find an opening, would effectually prevent their getting on the shore.

Langford swung the boat about at a judicious distance from the reef, over which the sea always broke with more or less force, and closely scrutinized the line of foam. The coxswain of the boat who rowed the stroke oar, also followed with his eyes the jagged reef. It was he who detected the two figures on the beach of the island waving palm branches and apparently pointing. He called the attention of Langford to the figures, and suggested that the inhabitants were trying to show an opening through the barrier.

Following the indicated direction presently smooth water was discovered. Langford headed the boat for it. The men bent to their oars, and soon parted the quiet waters of the lagoon. The two figures stood in plain view upon the beach still too far for those in the boat to make out who they were. Langford could only see that one was taller than the other; that both were dressed in some sort of loose tunic that fell to the knees and left the arms bare. He was disappointed, and yet hopeful. The suspense was almost unbearable. The men were doing their utmost, feeling the anxiety in his face, but their utmost was too slow for the impatient man.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Past and Present.

"How long do you think it will be before they will be here?" asked the man, after they had sat silent on the

Both Engineers to Blame

Carelessness Resulted in Head-on Collision, But It Only Involved Two Baby Carriages.

Head-on collisions on railroads are commonly caused by disregard of signals; this head-on collision on a sidewalk was due to quite another cause. It was between two baby carriages, the engineers being two mothers, and each vehicle containing one small passenger.

These two baby carriages in a shopping street were being propelled from opposite directions on the same line. Usually in such circumstances baby carriages turn out to pass when they meet, but on this occasion the two mothers propelling the baby carriages had both become engrossed in the display in a shop window they were passing and so engrossed they both kept on advancing, with no thought of what they were doing, with the space between the carriages steadily narrowing, narrowing, until the first thing you know, kerbunk! They bumped right into each other in a head-on collision.

Both engineers had been so wrapped up in what they saw in the window that they had both been moving very slowly and so no serious damage was



hill to windward of the fire watching the trail of smoke.

"I should think that it would be perhaps an hour or a little more. Why?" she returned, after a moment's pause.

"Are you anxious to have them here?"

For the life of her she could not keep the bitterness out of her question. The man looked at her in surprise. She had never lost her temper before him in the years they had been together. There had been something singularly simple, free and unstrained in their life. Nothing had ever occurred to vex her, at least not after the man had known enough to notice it. She was a woman of sunny, even temper under any circumstances, and she had felt it incumbent upon her to be as nearly perfect as possible, since she represented humanity to him, nor had it been a difficult task for her to be gentle. This flash of resentment, therefore, struck him as something entirely novel. In his amazement for a moment he forgot the injustice of it, the unkindness of it. He looked at her strangely and said to her, with a little touch of severity:

"You know that it is not that, Woman."

He had no terms of endearment. He had never heard the words that lovers use, and although he knew that her name was Katharine, and he believed that his was John, and he sometimes they called each other by the broad generic terms which stood for sex. Names are only for differentiation and identification in any event, and here was no need for such appellation. She loved to call him "Man," and she loved to hear him call her "Woman."

"You know," he said, "that 'tis not I who brought the world upon us."

"I was unjust, unkind," she answered quickly enough, stretching out her hand to him. "You must forgive me. You see even the approach of yonder ship brings bitterness into our hearts and into our speech."

"I guessed that it would be so when I saw you weep," said the man. "I wish now that I had not given you the flint and steel; that I had not allowed you to light the beacon."

"My friend, it had to be. Don't reproach yourself for that. Sooner or later this island would have been visited by some one. Sooner or later the ship would have come to fetch us off."

"But we were so happy here," he protested.

"Yes," she answered, "but not since yesterday."

"Are you unhappy because I love you?"

"Because," she made swift to reply, "I am no longer sure that you will love me always."

"But you love me, do you not?" he questioned, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Are you sure of yourself?"

"Absolutely."

"Why not of me, then? Am I less true? Do I love less than you?"

"Not now."

"What is the difference between us, then?"

"I have seen the world and you have not."

"But I tell you that will make no difference; that—"

"No man can say that who has no experience to draw upon."

"You are my mentor," said the man, gently. "You have taught me all I know, but sometimes I think that about some things I know more than you; and this is one thing of which I am sure."

"Yes," said the woman, "you can be sure so long as conditions remain as they are at present, but other times, other manners—"

"You have something to tell me?" interposed the other, swiftly.

The woman nodded.

"You said yesterday you would tell me to-day. Why not tell me now?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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### AUTHORITY NOT HEARD FROM.



State's Attorney (to prospective juror)—Have you formed any opinion on this case?  
Mr. Henpeck—No, sir. I don't think my wife has read anything about it yet.

### Why Jones Was Sad.

Jones' rich grandmother died and Jones seemed unnaturally depressed and sad. His friends tried to cheer him.

"She left a last will and testament, I suppose," said Jenkins carelessly.

"Oh, yes," said Jones raising his head at last, "she left a will and testament."

"Ah," chimed in Brown, "you were always a friend of hers! Of course your name was mentioned."

"Yes," answered Jones, bursting into floods of tears, "my name was mentioned, boys. I—I am to have—"

They hung expectant, while more sobs choked back his words.

"I," he declared at last, "am to have the testament!"—Scraps.

### Fletcherite Loses His Count.

"Bobby," said his mother, "sit up straight and don't tuck your napkin under your chin. I've told you hundreds of times—"

"There!" exploded Tommy, "you've made me lose the count! I don't know now whether it's 256 or 356 times I've chewed this clam!"

### Natural.

"And did your wife die a natural death?"  
"Oh, yes. She was talking when the end came."

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